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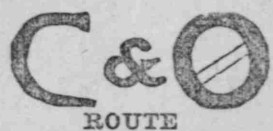
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A COUNTRY VISITOR.

The New York Man Felt Above Him, but Changed His Opinion.

One of the most successful wholesale dry goods merchants New York city ever saw had the peculiar habit of regarding as his inferior any man who was engaged in a business less genteel, as he held, than his own. In his employ was a young Vermonter, who felt highly elated when one day a man from his native town who was visiting the city called on him. The man was somewhat crude in his manners, but he had piled up a fortune in the tinware business and in buying up at a discount in times of panic commercial paper which he believed was good. The youth introduced the Vermonter to his employer.

"What business are you in?" asked the dry goods prince as the two shook hands.

"The tinware business," drawled the Vermonter.

Without a word the dry goods merchant turned on his heel and bolted into his private office. He didn't recognize tinware merchants as desirable acquaintances.

"Hold on a minute, Mr. ——" shouted the Vermonter after the retreating figure. "Are these here things goin' to be paid when they fall due?"

From his wallet the Vermonter drew several slips of paper, which he held up to the dry goods merchant's face. The merchant glanced at them and effusively bade the Vermonter welcome to his private office. The papers were notes to the extent of \$50,000 uttered by the dry goods merchant and which, unknown to him, the Vermonter had bought up at a big discount.—Brooklyn Eagle.

OLD TIME CELEBRATIONS.

Happiness the Order of the Day, Tranquillity of the Night.

The files of old newspapers are a priceless record of the history and manners of their times. In the papers of 1796 the accounts of public rejoicings show that these were few in number and that the method of keeping them differed widely from our ideas of festivities. Washington's birthday was perhaps the greatest holiday.

"Industrious citizens," we are told, "appropriated the hour of noon for the congratulations of the day. Each family enriched the domestic meal with bountiful provisions, and gay spirits and temperate and undissipated joy pervaded all classes."

There were speeches and processions and illuminations for the less industrious who were willing to give something more than the hour of noon to the celebration, but the most memorable observance of the day was that of the Harvard students.

"Saying to each other that it would be disgraceful to pretend to honor Washington with riot and disorder, they retired to their chambers before 9 o'clock, and by the time the bells ceased ringing there was not a light to be seen in any of the buildings."

This is equaled by the summing up of the celebrations of Fourth of July for the same year, a day observed with great rejoicings. No accidents are reported, and the editor concludes, "In short, in every place we heard from happiness was the order of the day, tranquillity of the night."—Youth's Companion.

The Luscious Grape.

The grape, whose purple flood man for century after century has converted into wine, is a Persian by birth. Its cradle was on the sunny hills to the south of the Caspian sea, and there the ancients ate it and enjoyed its acid taste. The men of Canaan ground it to a dry powder and ate it with relish, half as a medicine, half because they liked it. And then those days went by, and we hear of the renowned grapes of Palestine, which grew in immense clusters and weighed fifteen pounds to the bunch. Noah planted the vine immediately after the deluge. The book of Genesis mentions bread and wine, and the Israelites complained that Moses and Aaron had brought them out of Egypt into a dry and barren land where there were neither figs nor vines.

A Difficult Feat.

Have you ever tried to stand upright on a log perhaps a foot across the butt out in an open lake, keeping your balance to every roll and dip of the log? Well, if you had you would realize better the marvelous balance of the man who not only has to do this, but also maneuver other logs down the current with a long pole, chain booms together with nimbled fingers, and, in fact, do the whole of his day's work while balancing on a twirling, twisting, half submerged tree trunk.—Wide World Magazine.

Immune.

"You'd better get out. Here comes that idiot Boreham, and he's got a story he thinks is new that he'll insist on handing you."

"No, he won't. I'm immune."

"How's that?"

"I told him the story."—Cleveland Leader.

Worse Than He Felt.

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean. Dubbs—Will, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel! Cutting—Ah! But what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

Meeting Trouble.

More people would snap their fingers in the face of trouble if trouble didn't have such a sudden way of swooping down on us.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a man seeks your advice he generally wants your praise.—Chesterfield.

A QUAIN DOCUMENT.

Minutes of the First Representative Assembly in America.

The minutes of the first representative assembly in America as written by its clerk, John Twine, constitute a quaint and interesting document. They are headed:

"A report of the manner of proceeding in the general assembly convened at James City, in Virginia, July 30, 1619, consisting of the governor, the council of estate and two burgesses elected out of each incorporation and plantation, and being dissolved the 4th of August next ensuing."

The assembly met in the "quiere of the church." Then, "forasmuch as men's affairs doe little prosper where God's service is neglected, all the burgesses took their places in the quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory and the good of this plantation."

After the prayer the burgesses were summoned one by one to take the oath to the king, "none staggering at it."

The assembly at once set to work to adopt English laws to Virginian conditions. It added a series of trade regulations to restrict the production of tobacco, to keep up prices and to encourage the output of flax, silk and wine.

Thus before the Pilgrims were thinking of leaving Holland representative government was firmly established in the new world.—Exchange.

FOOLING A CAMEL.

How the Arabs Let the Animal Exhaust Its Bad Temper.

You all have heard stories about the camel—how patient and useful he is on long, hot journeys, so that he is often called the "ship of the desert."

But he has one very bad fault. He likes to "pay back," and if his driver has injured him in any way he will not rest till he has returned the injury.

The Arabs, who wander about the deserts and so use the camel a great deal, know about this fault of his and have a queer way of keeping themselves from getting hurt.

When a driver has made his camel angry, he first runs away out of sight. Then, choosing a place where the camel will soon pass, he throws down some of his clothes and fixes them so that the heap will look like a sleeping man.

Pretty soon along comes the camel and sees the heap. Thinking to himself, "Now I've got him," he pounces on the clothes, shakes them around and tramples all over them. After he is tired of this and has turned away the driver can reappear and ride him away without harm.

Poor silly camel! He has been in what we call "a blind rage," so angry that he can't tell the difference between a man and a heap of clothes.—Mayflower.

Carried It In His Head.

When four years old Mozart played minuets and learned music with facility, and at the age of six he composed a concerto for the harpsichord, which, though written strictly in accordance with the principles and technique of his art, was yet so overloaded with difficulties that it could not be played.

It is related that Mozart once happened to put off some music that he had been engaged to furnish for a court concert so long that he had not time to write out the part which he himself was to perform.

The Emperor Joseph, who was of a curious turn, chanced to be in the composer's studio when he asked: "Where is your part? I do not see it among those sheets of music."

"Here," responded Mozart, touching his forehead.—St. Louis Republic.

"Hanged" and "Hung."

Perhaps the Bible has had an influence in preventing many people from distinguishing between the uses of "hanged" and "hung," says a London writer. They "hanged" Haman, but the Jews in captivity also "hanged" their harps upon the willows, and in the New Testament we read "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck." If "hanged" was correct in either sense in the days of the authorized version, those who are not strong upon grammar may be subconsciously induced to believe that "hung" is correct in both senses now. But it is curious that the exclamation "I'll be hanged!" never appears as "I'll be hung!"

Clever Woman.

"There is no use trying to deny it," said one man to another. "Bliss is badly married. I hate to say it, but it's so."

"How do you know?"

"By a talk I have just had with him."

"Does he complain?"

"No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good natured and clever his wife is because this morning she showed him how to fasten his braces to his trousers with a hair-pin."—London Titbits.

He Was Cruel.

Mrs. Nubbons—My husband is a perfect brute. Friend—You amaze me. Mrs. Nubbons—Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.—London Tit-Bits.

He Wandered.

Reggy (fervently)—Ah, Miss Rose, when I gaze on you my mind wanders. Miss Rose (with a yawn)—What a pity, Reggy, the rest of you doesn't keep up with your mind.—London Express.

He who has three enemies must agree with two.—German Proverb.

Stammer to Yourself.

To the many correspondents who have written inquiries and suggestions as to a cure for stammering we may state that this is not a medical bureau. This writer gave his own method of curing his own particular nervous disorder, which is probably shared by many of his fellow men. Let it be repeated in answer to many who seem to have seen the problem and missed the solution. Consume your own smoke. If you must stammer, try to stammer to yourself. When you have tut-tutted and gur-gurred sufficiently to yourself, you will be ready with the word. It is quite astonishing how soon the inaudible stammer becomes unnecessary and the word is whizzed out! But there are some men who hug a stammer—stammering always in the right place—lifting curiosity to tiptoe in the listener. Charles Lamb stammered, but always in the right place, as when he went to buy cheese (the story may be quite untrue). The shopman offered to send it home. Lamb inspected it. Then he asked for a bit of string. "I think," he said, "I could l-l-l-l-ead it home."—London Spectator.

Not a Clothes Peg.

Peggie Newton had been a faithful household drudge for years, and had not grumbled much when her wages were occasionally passed over. But as time went on, and her salary fell more and more into arrears, she ventured to ask for something "on account."

"Why, haven't I paid you your wages lately, Peg? How careless of me," her mistress said. "I'm sorry I have no money in the house just now, but here's a smart cloak that I've ceased to wear, and which is only a wee bit out of fashion. You'll take it in lieu of wages, won't you?"

"No, ma'am, I'm sure I shan't," said Peg, wrathfully eyeing the faded old cloak. "A peg I may be by name, but I won't be the sort of peg that people hang castoff clothes on—not if I know it!"—London Answers.

Old Whist Terms.

The following passage is from the *Adventurer*, No. 35, March 6, 1753:

"On Sunday last a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occasioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall, the housekeeper, having lost three rubbers at whist running without holding a swabber (notwithstanding she had changed chairs, furzed the cards and ordered Jemmy, the footboy, to sit cross legged for good luck), grew out of all patience and, taking up the devil's books, as she called them, flung them into the fire, and the flames spread to the steward's room."

Swabbers are the ace of hearts, the knave of clubs and the ace and the deuce of trumps at whist. To furz or fuzz is to shuffle the cards very carefully or to change the pack.—London Notes and Queries.

Why Rain Clouds Are Black.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud. Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the undersurface appears black owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon, the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzlingly brilliant white.

Tennis and Lawn Tennis.

There are thousands who imagine that tennis and lawn tennis are identical. In America tennis, the mother game, is always known as court tennis, whereas lawn tennis is generally known as "tennis." The games are in many respects very different. The court, which in lawn tennis is open, in tennis is closed at the back and sides by the walls, and almost invariably above by a roof. There is a considerable amount of play off the back and side walls. The balls are harder than lawn tennis balls, being, in fact, of the consistency of cricket balls. Hence the rackets are heavier and the gut is thicker.—Fry's Magazine.

Songs and Sentiment.

It is a singular fact that in proportion to the wealth of melody of a nation so does its emotional side develop. Remarkable instances of this are to be found in the United Kingdom. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales, countries rich in national songs, the emotional nature is strong. In England, where the melodies, if sweet, at any rate are not so touching and appealing, sentiment is slight.—Liverpool Courier.

The History of Man.

The ecclesiastical authorities divide the history of man into six ages: First, from Adam to Noah; second, from Noah to Abraham; third, from Abraham to David; fourth, from David to the Babylonian captivity; fifth, from the captivity of Judah to the birth of Christ; sixth, from the birth of Christ to the end of the world.

Typhoid.

By boiling all the water and sterilizing all the milk and thoroughly cooking all the vegetables and killing all the flies the average person may become fairly immune from typhoid fever.

Envy In the Garden.

"I have done nothing but blush all day," complained the rose, "and still that idiot of a poet goes on talking of the modest violet, as if there were no others!"

Alive Four Months In a Grave.

Hari Das, the great Hindoo fakir, who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century, is the only wonder worker of modern times who has ever allowed himself to be buried in the ground for months. In the year 1839 Hari told General Ventura that for a certain fee he would allow a committee to test the claims which he made of being able to die and remain dead for months and then come to life again. When all was arranged Hari hypnotized himself to such a degree that his circulation was wholly stopped. When he was pronounced dead to all intents and purposes he was buried in a garden and a high wall built around the grave. Guards were stationed on the wall so that interference or deception would be impossible. Four months later Hari was exhumed according to agreement, and after a few minutes of vigorous rubbing of his body by friends he opened his eyes, and an hour later he was well and able to walk. The fakir was clean shaven when buried and is said to have come out of the grave in the same shape, a fact which is cited to prove that vitality must have been completely suspended.

Seventeenth Century Superstitions.

That it is a very unfortunate thing for a man to meet early in a morning a ill favored man or woman, a rough footed Hen, a shag-haired Dogge, or a blacke Cat. That it is a signe of death to some in that house, where Crickets have bin many yeeres, if on a sudden they forsake the Chimney Corner. That if a man dream of eggs or fire he shall heare of anger. That to dreame of the devil is good lucke. That to dreame of gold good lucke, but of silver ill. That if a man be born in the daytime he shall be unfortunate. That if a child be born with a Caule on his head he shall be very fortunate. That when the palme of the right hand itetheth it is a shrewd sign he shall receive money. That it is a great signe of ill lucke it Bats gnaw a mans clothes. That it is naught for any man to give a paire of Knives to his sweetheart, for feare it cuts away all love that is between them. That it is ill lucke to have the saltseller fall toward you.

Likes Being Hunted.

The extraordinary intelligence and skill displayed by reynard when being hunted makes it extremely probable that he, in common with the huntsman and the hounds, feels the keen pleasure of the pride of art—an important constituent of the spirit of the sport. In proof of this, an old fox, when fresh, has often been observed to wait for the hounds, apparently with the purpose of drawing them on, and so giving an opportunity for the display of his skill. The fox owes his present existence in England to his skill in providing sport, and it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that he has acquired the sporting instinct, just as the pointer, the hunter and the terrier certainly enter into the spirit of the sport for which they have been bred and to which, therefore, they owe their existence.—London Standard.

Ostriches Are Poor Sailors.

"Ostriches are terrible creatures to have aboard ship in a storm," said a sailor. "Knocked about by the waves, they fall and break their legs. We once carried eight superb ostriches. They were good sailors. Their sea appetites were fine. But two days from port a nasty gale overtook us. And then it was pitiful to see those ostriches. The ship's lurches and ducks knocked them off their pins, sent them rolling back and forth, to and fro, wildly, helplessly. Imagine a dozen ostriches, now on their feet, then—bang—on their backs, their long legs in the air, rolling every which way. What you'd expect to happen happened, of course. Their legs broke. You could hear above the storm the sharp crack of the splitting bone. Of those eight fine ostriches only two reached port alive."

Books Written In Jail.

Jail seems to be a good place in which to write books. Literary men surpass themselves there. John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail. Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in prison. Defoe laid the plans for "Robinson Crusoe" during a term of confinement imposed on him for the writing of a pamphlet called "The Shortest Way With the Dissenters." Leigh Hunt wrote "Rimington" in jail. Sir Walter Raleigh during his fourteen years' imprisonment in the Tower of London wrote his excellent "History of the World." Silvio Pellico and Tasso both did their best work in jail.

Food and Digestion.

One of the biggest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef; but while the beef will be easily digested, and thus be of vast service to us, the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect of their chemical value.

A Careful Official.

"Some years ago," remarked a physician, "when the people in the south feared that an epidemic of yellow fever would spread from Cuba to this country the health board officer of a certain southern city was so careful to keep out the infection that he gave orders to disinfect all telegrams received from Havana."

One Sided Talk.

"He—Wasn't there some talk about Maud marrying a duke? She—There was, but unfortunately the duke did none of the talking."